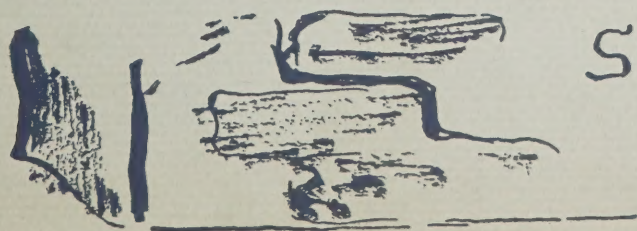




# Blue Quill

SPRING 1953







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# THE BLUE QUILL

SPRING 1953

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QUEENS COLLEGE  
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA



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# CEDRIC FOSTER TO SPEAK

Cedric Foster, who will speak in Ninness Auditorium at Queens College at 8:15 P.M. on April 28, will be the last attraction in the Queens Concert-Lecture Series of 1952-1953. Foster, who for more than eleven years has been New England's only daily coast-to-coast commentator, is heard on the Mutual and Yankee Networks, and is known from Maine to Texas for his able and astute interpretations of the news at home and abroad. Over more than 450 radio stations in every State in the Union, Mr. Foster addresses a daily audience of several million people.

Cedric Foster's popularity is attested to by the many demands from various organizations throughout the country for him to speak in person.

Cedric Foster, who became the first daytime news commentator on the Mutual Network in October of 1940, came to Boston with the Yankee Network. Not satisfied to remain behind his desk, he spent three months in the battle zones of the Pacific as an accredited correspondent for both the Army and the Navy.

Since August of 1949 Mr. Foster has made five trips to Europe; from January to October of 1951 he took journeys to England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Sweden, Greece, Iran, and Italy. On a trip to Greece Mr. Foster accompanied General Van Fleet to the front lines in the closing phases of the guerrilla war in the Vitsi and Grammos campaigns. He then went to Finland to broadcast from Helsinki when the Communists were trying to take over that country through a nation-wide strike. In February of 1950 Mr. Foster flew to Britain to cover the British elections.

Cedric Foster was born in West Hartford, Connecticut, in 1900. He was educated in the public schools of Hartford; at Westminster School, Simsbury, Connecticut; New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, New York; and Hoosick School, Hoosick, New York. He attended Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire, in the class of 1924.

Foster's debut in radio came when he was chosen by the Hartford Times to build a radio station. In 1939, when the declaration of war came, Foster began broadcasting his analysis of the war in Europe over this station in Hartford to a purely local audience.



MR. FOSTER

In June of 1941 he became a member of the executive staff of the Yankee Network in Boston, continuing his broadcasts over Mutual through affiliation of the two organizations. His first network broadcast followed on June 22, 1941, the day on which Germany invaded the Soviet Union.

A perusal of Mr. Foster's broadcasts over the last five years will reveal that many months before action was taken through the Truman Doctrine, this New England commentator pointed out that such action was inevitable lest southeast Europe be lost to Communism. For years Cedric Foster has warned of the dangers of Communism and of the encroachments of the Soviet Union; he even pointed these things out while Russia was an ally in World War II.

Mr. Foster is the recipient of many honors, among them a decoration from the Greek government, rank of Commander, Royal Order of Phoenix, for services rendered the Greek people during the Greek-Italian War. He has an honorary Doctorate of Laws from John Brown University, Siloam Springs, Ark.

Cedric Foster has proved by his popularity and his integrity that he is an outstanding news figure in the twentieth century. He is remembered by Queens students as being the commentator who interviewed Dr. Jernigan on a nationwide program last year.

—A. F.

## RESIDENCE HALL TO BE BUILT

A new residence hall will be built on campus by September, 1953.

The new building will be erected directly behind the Stultz Building and will consist of two stories. The structure will be of architectural design that will harmonize with other buildings on the campus.

The residence hall will be arranged according to the most up-to-date ideas. Two students will occupy each room. Floors will be of asphalt tile, each room will have louvred doors, lighting will be modern and ample, the bathrooms will be of the newest type, and the closets will have sliding doors.

The rooms will be furnished with birch furniture specially designed for a college dormitory. The beds will be of Hollywood style with box springs and inner-spring mattresses. There will be a large double dresser with a big double mirror in each room. There will be also a big double desk with book shelves, two chairs for the study table (which will have a formica top), and a special comfortable bench in each room.

Dr. Jernigan says that this will be the first of three dormitories which the institution hopes to be able to build in the not too distant future to accommodate the increasing number of students. A large number of applications have already been received from girls who plan to enroll in September.

By 1958 many more students will be entering colleges, and Queens plans two other residence halls for that time. These two buildings and the one being begun now will form a U-shaped structure. The new residence hall will be a wing of the U-shaped building. The center part of the structure will be built next and then the second wing.

The new building has been contracted to the McDevitt and Street Co., and the firm of J. Norman Pease and Co. is architect. These same firms are also in charge of the Ovens Physical Education Building, which will be begun immediately on the athletic field on campus.



# MISS RENA HARRELL— *Librarian*

Who is better known at Queens than Miss Harrell? She probably comes into contact with more students than any other one person on this campus, for every student sees her at least once a day. Miss Harrell has become an institution on this campus, and around her have grown legends that equal those about Paul Bunyan and Beowulf.

Miss Harrell's father, the Reverend James J. Harrell, was a trustee of Queens about 1901; and both Miss Harrell and her sister, who is now teaching at Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, attended Queens. After finishing Queens, Miss Harrell attended the University of North Carolina where she received an M.A. degree in English. She later attended the library school at Emory University where she received an A.B. in Library Science. In 1920 Miss Harrell returned to Queens as teacher of English. When Miss Harrell began teaching at Queens, she found a library of twelve hundred uncatalogued books kept in a room which is now the Public Relations Office. Miss Harrell was disturbed by the library situation and voluntarily assumed the responsibility of organizing a library for Queens. She took upon herself the duties of librarian and has kept the job since that time. In 1926 the library was moved to its present location on the second floor of Burwell Hall.

Work in the Queens library is Miss Harrell's chief love. If it were possible, she would spend thirty-five to forty hours a day with her children, the 28,000 books. Considering all that she gets done in a single day, one would think she *did* have that much time. Anyone who has seen Miss Harrell with a book cannot doubt the love that she bears it, for when a book is misplaced or lost, she reacts with all the pathos of the mother of a kidnapped child. This remarkable regard for her trust makes the following anecdote seem contradictory to her character, but it is nevertheless true. Dr. McEwen, while rummaging through her attic several years ago, found a copy of Ibsen, which she had borrowed from the Queens library in 1921. The next day she returned the book to Miss Harrell, saying that she thought she was through with it. Miss Harrell took the book and with a typically deadpan expression replied, "Thank you, Mildred."

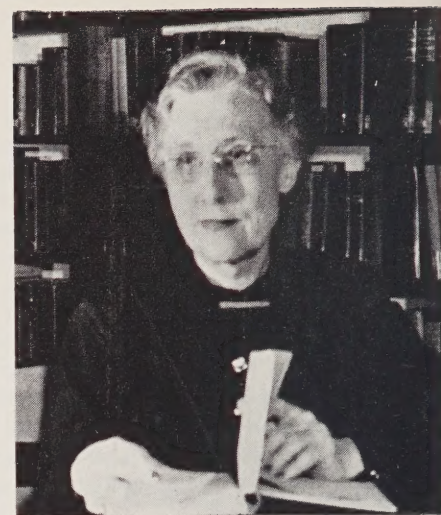
Miss Harrell's second love is England. She has made two trips there, one with her sister, Miss Mary Harrell, and loves England as much as do the British. She has several friends in England with whom she corresponds regularly, and she is always up on the latest British news. Before the birth of Prince Charles several years ago, the chairman of the English department, Dr. J. W. McCutchan, decided to test Miss Harrell to see how much England was on her mind. He met her in the hall with "What'll it be, Miss Harrell?" "A boy, of course," was her reply as she strode on down the hall.

In addition to these interests, Miss Harrell is an avid stamp collector. Included in her collection are several very interesting books on philately and one pamphlet, recently on display in the library, describing the royal stamp collection of England. Along with her stamps Miss Harrell has a fascinating collection of post cards from England.

Close to the heart of Miss Harrell is an old colored servant named Jenny. Years ago, before the day of the telephone, Jenny was the "human switchboard." Now Jenny is nearly a hundred years old. Every Thanksgiving Miss Harrell appears in assembly to urge all the Queens girls not to forget Jenny, and each spring, in return, Jenny sends flowers for Burwell.

In alternate years Miss Harrell teaches the course Children's Literature for prospective teachers. Her course is undoubtedly one of the most intriguing which Queens College schedules—not only in content but also in supervision. Since there is much ground to be covered in a short while, the course is strictly objective. A typical test question or even daily question might be: "Mr. Coon and Mr. Possum met Mr. Fox going down the road. True or false, Miss Smith?" The question is accompanied with vigorous nod of the head either affirmatively or negatively; Miss Harrell just has so much knowledge to impart and so little time in which to do it that she hates to waste time giving tests and asking questions.

Miss Harrell's pet aversion is fat fifteen-year-old boys who look as if they have been eating ten gallons of ice cream per day for six months. The boys invariably carry smudged notebooks, black as charcoal, and need help in finding books. Miss Harrell feels that if she



MISS HARRELL

could only get off some of the excess fat, she could get something into their heads.

Miss Harrell is profoundly interested in caring for the chapel furnishings, including the white book mark and the altar cloth which she gave. It was she who secured the handsome Bible from King George VI, and she, in collaboration with the Home Economics Department, recently covered the little pillow upon which the Bible is placed. After each service she swathes the Bible in a green turkish towel and rushes it to its cache. Her religious responsibilities include the grace in the Queens dining hall which at every meal she intones as if the deity were British.

One of the most noteworthy contributions which Miss Harrell has made to Queens is her compilation of the history of the college. It is doubtful that anyone else could have undertaken the task. Miss Harrell says herself that she has puzzled it out somewhat "as a rooster stands on one foot." Not long ago she uncovered an old ledger which took the history fifty years farther back than it had previously been recorded. The manuscript of the history has not even been typed yet and must be rewritten at least three more times; it will, however, appear in 1956, the year before the Queens centennial. Only about a thousand copies will be available. The importance of this work can hardly be estimated—for Queens is steeped in tradition.

Miss Harrell is known as a guest, and, often, a speaker at alumnae meetings across the two Carolinas. Anyone who has ever known Miss Harrell finds it hard to forget her dry wit, her all-encompassing devotion to her work, her unique and charming personality.

—C. M.

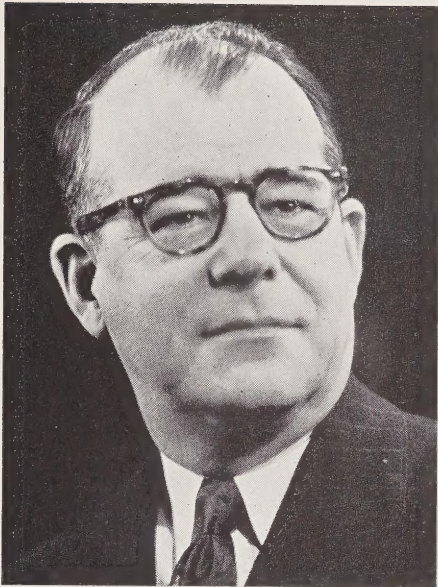


# Students Present Gifts To Lab

Millie Henson and Richard Stavrakas have presented to the Queens College chemistry department a barometer and a Ban Slyke blood-carbon dioxide apparatus. In the spring of 1952 Miss Henson, who had had four years' experience in practical chemistry before coming to Queens to complete degree requirements, assisted Dr. McEwen when that professor was occupied with work as Chairman of the Inauguration Committee. Miss Henson took charge of a class studying blood analysis. Discovering a lack in the equipment of the biochemistry laboratory led Miss Henson to give to the department the Ban Slyke blood-carbon dioxide apparatus.

Mr. Stavrakas got the barometer which he has given to the freshman chemistry laboratory when he went into Japan with the occupation forces shortly after the close of the war. While his division was quartered in a Japanese engineering school, he found a damaged barometer in a physics lab and took it

(Continued on page 18.)



## H. H. Everett New Chairman

Mr. H. H. Everett, theater executive, has been elected Chairman of the Queens College Board of Trustees, since the resignation of Mr. McAlister Carson, who had held the chairmanship since 1928. Mr. Everett became a member of the Board in the fall of 1952.

Mr. Everett received the *Charlotte News* award as Charlotte's Man of the Year for 1952. Selected by a committee composed of past receivers of the Man-of-the-Year award, the man chosen is the citizen who is judged to have rendered the most outstanding service to the community during the stated year.

Chairman of the board and treasurer of Stewart and Everett Theatres, Inc., and president of Everett Enterprises, Mr. Everett is also president of United Community Service, an organization that recently sponsored the successful United Appeal drive. He has been an officer in the Lions Club and is one of the founders of the Variety Club, which established the children's diagnostic clinic at Memorial Hospital. Throwing his energies into many community-wide projects such as his leadership in the establishment of Freedom Park, Mr. Everett is active in many fields. He has held the presidency of the Myers Park Country Club and is a director of the Union National Bank; he is an elder in and chairman of the building committee of Trinity Presbyterian Church. Mr. Everett has completed his second term as president of the Chamber of Commerce.

# Alumna Teaches At Syracuse

The following letter is from Lia Smits, who, as Lia Petrovskis, came from Latvia in 1949. Brought to Queens by the Student Christian Association, she studied for two years at the college and assisted Miss Rena Harrell in the library.

Dear Miss Harrell,

There is no great change in our life. Except that we live in Syracuse now, where we have a nice little apartment near the university and that I got an assistantship at the beginning of this semester. I am teaching a second semester German section three times a week, and I am taking my graduate courses along with this. So I have pretty much to do, as always.

All the great winter holidays are now past, and I wonder whether spring has already come to Charlotte. To me Charlotte has almost become a symbol for spring, because never before I experienced it so early and unexpectedly as that first year under the blue southern sky. It is deep winter around me, but I have a longing for spring today.

Lia  
(Mrs. Lia D. Smits  
124 Redfield Place  
Syracuse, N. Y.)

Mr. Everett, a recognized leader in civic and business affairs both in Charlotte and across North Carolina, is well-known for his contributions to religion, social work, industry, commerce, and higher learning. President Jernigan describes him as having "all the qualities that go to make the perfect chairman of a college board of trustees."

—B. C.

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## Willodene Smith Honored



In Willodene Smith, Queens College has a graduate of whom it can well be proud. Throughout the four years in which Willodene was working toward her A.B. degree in Bible her scholastic record and able leadership were assets to the campus. A fitting climax to this fine record came at the graduation exercises in 1952 when she received the highest award offered to any girl at Queens, the Algernon Sidney Sullivan Award.

Willodene had prepared herself for the foreign-mission field, but she was not expecting one of the unusual honors which was bestowed on her. It is the usual procedure for anyone who is going into the mission field to take at least one additional year of Bible after completing college; Willodene, however, was not required to do so. After graduation in June she went to Montreat, North Carolina, where she attended the Missionary Appointees' Institute for six weeks, studying techniques to be applied on the mission field. In August she sailed for Brazil.

This first year in Brazil has been a busy one for Willodene. Although she has not yet been assigned to a station, she is studying Portuguese and is doing educational work. Willodene is going to work as an evangelistic and educational missionary. Her main field, however, and the one in which she hopes to do more concentrated work is that of educational missions.

In her letters Willodene says that she is enjoying her work to the utmost. Her  
(Continued on page 18)

## Queens Delegates At NSA Conference

The Virginia-Carolinas Regional Assembly of the United States National Student Association was held on the campus of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill on February 20 and 21.

Queens Student Government accepted an invitation from Ken Barton, Chairman of the Virginia-Carolina Region, to send a delegation to the assembly to observe the purpose, organization, policy, and potentialities of membership in a national student association. Those representing Queens were Carmen Carter, Grace Hager, Patsy Harmon, Caroline Love, Doris Parsons, and Carol Stockner.

USNSA is an organization of college student bodies represented through their student governments. It was created to fill the long-existing need for a representative inter-collegiate organization designed to serve the American student community and to promote students' interest and participation in national and international affairs.

The activities of the week-end began with registration of delegates in Graham Memorial Student Union on Friday afternoon. There were registered approximately ninety delegates from twenty-two schools, including the member schools Duke University, Wake Forest College, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, North Carolina State College, Sweet Briar, Randolph-Macon Woman's College, and Virginia State College. Observing non-member schools represented were Virginia Union University, Livingston College, Hampton Institute, Agricultural and Technical College, Atlantic Christian College, Greensboro College, Eastern Carolina Teachers College, Queens College, Anderson Junior College, Virginia Polytechnic Institute Cadets, Virginia Military Institute, Randolph-Macon at Ashland, and Longwood College. The opening session was held in Morehead Planetarium Faculty Lounge at 8:00 P.M. Friday. Ken Barton, regional chairman, gaveled the session to order and presented Hamilton C. Horton, President of the Student Body of the University of North Carolina, who welcomed delegates to the University campus.

Jimmy Wallace, a founder of USNSA, was the evening speaker. Mr. Wallace presented the history of NSA and its present status, and charged the delegations to secure its future. After Ken Burton had summarized the agenda for Saturday's procedure, the session adjourned to the Parish House of the Episcopal Church for a get-acquainted hour.

Saturday morning the representatives attended clinics in Graham Memorial Student Union covering important phases of campus life. The clinics and their leaders were: Editors—Walter Dear, Editor of *The Daily Tarheel*, of the University of North Carolina; Student Body Presidents—Trilby Boerner, President of Student Government of Woman's College of the University of North Carolina; campus programing—Vivian Verdell of Virginia State College; regional programing—Ken Barton, University of North Carolina; International programing—Barry Farbar; and Non-member schools—Joel Fleishman, University of North Carolina.

Saturday afternoon a business session was held in Morehead Planetarium Faculty Lounge. At this time clinic leaders reported the highlights of their groups' discussion. Also the member schools disposed of regional business, which included a recommendation concerning favoring suffrage for eighteen-year-olds, to be sent to national headquarters.

The activities of the week-end assembly culminated in a banquet Saturday evening at the Presbyterian Church. The Dean of Students of the University of North Carolina, Fred Weaver, spoke on the relationship of a dean to independent student governments.

At present few American students are acquainted with USNSA, although it is composed of three hundred college and university student governments throughout the United States.

In the near future representatives from Queens will make a report to the student body, evaluating this organization as its works was demonstrated at the regional conference.

—Grace Hage



# NEW COURSES OFFERED

Next semester Queens students will be offered several new and stimulating courses: two in journalism; one in each of the departments of art, music, and speech; and three in the new Department of Classical Civilization.

The journalism courses will be taught by Miss Mildred Miscally, who has an M.A. degree in journalism from the University of Georgia. The first-semester course, Introduction to Journalistic Writing, will deal with news sources, news gathering, and news writing. It will be a practical course and will frequently be conducted as a laboratory to give application of the principles of journalistic writing. The second-semester course, News Writing and Editing, will be concerned with problems in specialized news and features and will include practice in copy-reading, editing, and proofreading. These courses will be electives open to students above freshman level.

With a desire to give students more opportunity for electives and more variety for choice, the faculty has decided to place the course Fine Arts 101-102 on the junior-senior level and to offer the semester courses on the freshman-sophomore level in art, music, and speech. Students who want to continue their study of the arts may take Fine Arts. Mrs. Bryant will teach the course in art appreciation, which will be an introduction to the visual arts, showing how manifestation of ideas through form, space, color, and texture provides an understanding of the thoughts and feelings of man in the past and their influence on present-day living and thinking. Selected masterpieces in painting, sculpture, architecture, and functional arts will be analyzed with illustrated lectures and trips to art galleries. The arts of industry and commerce, city planning, interior decorating, and minor arts will be studied.

Introduction to music literature will be taught by Mr. Holliday. The course will consist of study of outstanding works from the Baroque period, or the seventeenth century, to the present day. The purpose of the course will be to improve the listening of persons not majoring in music. Some study will be done in music forms, instrumentation characteristics of periods, and fundamentals of theory. Many recordings will be used, and there will be practice in reading music scores.

Mr. Snyder will teach the course Theater Arts. This course will include the history of the theater and the ballet theater, the study of great plays through history, famous actors and managers, and methods of staging. The techniques of modern radio, movie, and television will be considered.

The chairman of the Department of Classical Civilization has not yet been announced. No previous knowledge of Greek or Latin will be required of students taking courses in this department. The mythology course will be the study of great myths of the world with frequent references to the literature and art which they inspired. Stress will be put on Greek, Roman, and Norse mythologies.

A six-hour course, Classical Literature in Translation, will also be offered. The first semester will consist of lectures on the art of epic poetry and the influence of the Greek and Roman epic upon subsequent literature. Homer and Virgil will be studied in translation. The second semester will be devoted to the study of Greek tragedy through translations. There will be study of Greek literary and religious conception, of the ideals which made Greek culture pre-eminent in the history of thought, and of the influence of Greek literature upon subsequent thought.

—D-J. S.



## QUEENS GIRL WINS FASHION PRIZE

By designing a three-piece dress, Phyllis Bolick, a Queens freshman, won the 1952 National Art Contest sponsored by *McCall's Magazine*. Her attractive design, above, appeared in the January issue of *McCall's Magazine*.

Miss Bolick studied art at Central High School, and last year she entered several of her designs in the national art contest sponsored by *McCall's Magazine* each spring. Later she read in a newspaper that she had won one of the twenty-five-dollar prizes. Only one other person in North Carolina had won recognition. Because Phyllis had entered several designs, however, she did not know which one had won the prize for her.

A month later Phyllis received a letter from *McCall's Patterns* asking for her picture and an article about her plans for the future. Later she received a telegram from New York saying that her design was to be made into a *McCall's* dress pattern and that her picture was to appear in the *McCall's School Stylist Magazine* which was distributed among high schools. Because her design was used as a pattern, Phyllis was awarded another twenty-five dollars. Later Miss Bolick received a telegram from *McCall's* stating that her picture and article were to appear in *McCall's Magazine*. When the January issue of *McCall's Magazine* came out, Phyllis discovered for the first time which design had won her recognition.

Although she has always been interested in art, Miss Bolick has not yet decided what her major will be.

—E G.

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## FACULTY MEMBERS PUBLISH ARTICLES

Recently Dr. F. A. Spencer and Dr. L. Harris Chewning, faculty members at Queens College, have had articles published in their respective fields. Dr. Spencer, professor of sociology, specializes in Near Eastern study; Dr. Chewning specializes in literature of the English Renaissance.

Dr. Spencer's publication, *War and Postwar Greece*, Library of Congress, 1952, is an analysis of Greek events and writings between 1940 and 1952. It was prepared for the Library of Congress while Dr. Spencer was an official consultant to the Library from June to September, 1952. According to Dr. Spencer, this work was sponsored by the Library because it is charged under law with the responsibility of preparing open, non-secret information about important foreign areas which are of interest to various government agencies. Some of these agencies are the Department of State, the Department of Commerce, the Department of Labor, the Mutual Security Administration, the Department of Defense, the Central Intelligence Agency, and the Executive Office of the President. Dr. Spencer said, "To satisfy the demands of these agencies for an authoritative summary of the facts about Greece my study was commissioned by the Library. Part of my job was also to review the holdings of the Library in the modern Greek language and to recommend purchases which will make our Library of Congress collection the world's best one in this field." This study of Dr. Spencer's is the first sponsored study of its type to be internationally circulated.

Dr. L. H. Chewning recently published in *Studies in Bibliography* an article called "The Text of the 'Envoy to Alison'." This is a textual study of the nine early versions of that short lyric poem of the Middle English period. Dr. Chewning began this study while working on his doctorate at the University of Virginia. In making his study of the poem, Dr. Chewning used several early collected editions of Chaucer in the University of Virginia library and photostatic copies of two fifteenth-century manuscripts of which the originals are in the Bodleian Library at Oxford University. "I think," Dr. Chewning said, "that the chief result of my paper is the testing of several techniques

## GARDENS COMMITTEE PLANS FOR CAMPUS



MISS NOOE

There is war on the Queens College campus, a botanical battle. The Gardens Committee and the botany students are martialled against nature and not a few of the inhabitants of the campus. Mrs. Doak Flintom, an alumna of the college; Miss Squires, the dietitian; and Miss Nooe, Professor of Biology, command the corps known as the Gardens Committee.

The Committee has been tending plants already on the campus and is planting new ones.

Some of the college's trees are dying—three were lost last year; trees often cannot obtain enough nourishment because pavement has been laid over their roots. They must, therefore, be fed, watered, and protected.

Boxwood is planted over the campus grounds. Some of it, especially that in front of the sorority houses, is dying. The boxwood in front of Morrison is being trampled to death by students taking short-cuts. The clumps of boxwood on both sides of the door were planted at the same time; yet those on the left side are puny and yellow while

of textual study." At one time attributed to Chaucer, "The Envoy to Alison" is now regarded as the work of some unknown medieval poet. Dr. Chewning is now teaching a course in Chaucer at Queens.

—F. P.



"SHORTY"

those on the right are strong and green. "Throw out the life line to these plants. Take care of them, or you won't be able to enjoy them much longer," says Miss Nooe.

Flowers are still harder to keep alive. They die if they have too little or too much sunlight. They are crushed by the feet of thoughtless persons. When pipe lines for the new heating plant were put in, many flowers were destroyed. Many plants are destroyed in the Halloween invasions by high school students; dog and winter weather kill yet more. Another enemy of the flowers is the paper thrown into them by people. The lost plants must be replaced, and the new plants must be taken care of.

Many things are being done this year for campus beautification. Many afternoons this year a person walking through the college grounds might see Miss Nooe and Louis Brown, who is the official gardener of Queens and who is popularly known as "Shorty," working. With them would be a little red wagon used to transport tools. They would be feeding, watering, and pruning plants. They have planted flowers, for the most part pansies, around Diana's Pool. They have put azaleas, camellias, and onions (the inedible variety) in the plot of ground to the left of Diana's Den. They have kept a continual watch over the safety of the plants. A student remarked, "If you want to send a note to Miss Nooe and be sure she receives it, throw it in a flower bed."

—S.

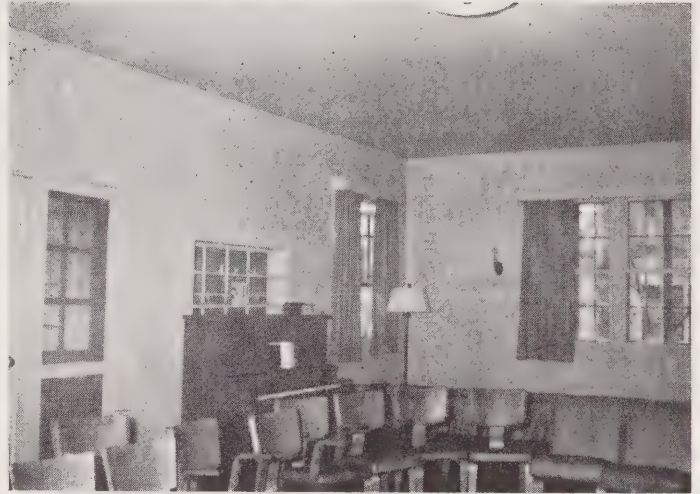


# BIBLE CLASS REMODELS HUT

Responsible for beautifying the Hut are the members of the Men's Bible Class of Trinity Presbyterian Church. Dr. Jernigan is the teacher of this class, and his "pet preachment," as he calls it, to these men has been that there is not much use in going to church unless one does something worthwhile at the same time. The class decided to appoint a committee to spearhead a project during the Advent Season. This committee noticed that the furnace in the Hut, where the class meets on Sunday mornings, was not dependable and that the rooms needed painting. The class took the Hut as their project and immediately felt much closer to the college. They bought a new furnace and saw that the painting was done. The walls of the main room were painted a soft-toned grey and those of the kitchen a bright yellow. One aspect of the painting caused consternation to President Jernigan and to the class: The piano found itself wearing bright "shrimp." It has been repainted a luscious wineberry."

Members of the Q.C.A. are grateful to these men for the improvements they have made in the Hut, and non-sorority girls especially appreciate the more attractive place for Sunday night "feeds." This energetic class has other plans for helping Queens in the education of young people, and the students of Queens are grateful to this group of Christian men for their interest in the college.

—M. L. D.



THE HUT

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# A Hop Ahead With Hector

Quiet, please!

While I'm in the library, I might as well take time from my research on jack rabbits to consider recent tid bits which concern our campus. During Christmas holidays I had a bodacious time getting money for the pool. I got a ride in one bucket which went into Mr. Ovens' house by mistake. I got a peep at the little man, and I can see why Queens girls adore him. My suite mate carried her bucket to see Herman Talmadge, but he wasn't at home. I went with many of the girls pooling and had some funny experiences, but the funniest experience was the time two girls on Roswell Road were confused with a group of colored singers on a person's front lawn. The lady thought the girls were collecting money for the singing! A group of quoops livened up the train from Atlanta to Charlotte, January 4, and the girl across the hall from me visited a man in her home town about the pool. After she had spent an hour chatting with him, she told him of the venture; and he replied that he did not believe in pools or physical ed. She knew nothing else to do but give him a calendar and leave! Margaret got 30 cents from a man who wrote her a long letter in reply to her note of appreciation. He admonished her not to build a pool with a tree in the middle as he knew one N. C. College to have done!

During the pool campaign Dr. Jernigan got some interesting notes from the girls. I sneaked a look at his desk one day and found a letter from South Carolina. (The writer lives across the hall from me.) This is how it read:

There were two "Quoops" from Queens  
Who went out seeking means.  
They worked all day,  
But got no pay.  
So now they are frantic, it seems!

The "Towncrier" is now in tears.  
She can't get two-fifty, she fears.  
She hopes it's no crime  
Selling the pail for a dime!  
Can she still be one of your "dears"?

Crazy note to send a stiffshirt college president, isn't it?

I hitched a ride to Chapel Hill last month with Grace Hager. Had a wonderful time spying on my friends. (Found more red dogs there than we have here!) They carried a Queens bucket with carrots in it for me. But I got tired of carrots and begged a quid of lettuce off a waitress at the coffee shop. I almost got to see Dr. Peppler, Dr. Jernigan's Greek teacher, in Durham; but he must have heard I was coming and fled. I saw nothing else of any interest—except—well, I can't tell that item concerning V.M.I.

I heard Dr. Green tell Miss Ab. that the faculty wives gave \$25 to the pool. The barbershop quartette's making money right and left and has given large contributions to the Q.C.A. project and to the pool. Speaking of the pool—I wonder if the girls are going to let me take swimming with them next year. I could paddle my ears!

Say, our faculty surely is gallivanting. I had the best time thumbing a ride with Dean Sweet to Coker College, with Mr. Storey to Greensboro, with Dr. Wetzler to Cincinnati,

and with Dr. Jernigan to Florida and Georgetown. We had wonderful shrimp at Georgetown. The "prexy" almost got sick off of them—a fact which reminds me that I almost got sick off the Hershey bars which the Hershey Company sent the staff of the *Blue Quill*. (Fran thinks a rat nibbled them.) I have almost as sweet a tooth as Sweet's.

I have made friends with the dogs on campus now. The big collie almost stepped on me last week, but "Happy" and "Sandy" are nearer my speed. "Happy" took me to the Den last week, and I heard some interesting things from a group of students! They talked of the faculty stunt night which will be exploding soon. I heard someone say that Carol Stockner is working on May Day and Laura Ann Martin is head of costumes.

I also heard that the Day-Student Building is to get a new rug which will match its new chair covers. One girl was excited over the fact that enrollment next year will be astounding—hope I get a room in the new dormitory! Some one said it's rumored that we'll have another dormitory by 1958 and that graduation is going to be a "Big Day" on campus this year. I also heard plans for Burwell! I can't tell that; but if you are in town in July, come out and see things take place.

Before the girls finished their cokes, I had learned that the chapel may get a paint job, that Dr. Carson plans to go to the Holy Land this summer, that Mr. Storey has much talent in music and started studying at first to become a symphony conductor, that Dr. Jernigan will accept a bronze bust of Mr. Ovens for the college on Fine Arts Weekend, that our faculty is paid more than most college faculties of colleges Queens' size, and that our faculty seems to be hipped on library work this semester. I felt really sorry for the girls who have so many term papers and book reports.

I must stop as Miss Harrell just twanged the library bell. I'm very busy now that Easter is approaching—or have you heard how busy rabbits are at Easter?



## THE WEDDING BAND

MARY M. ALEXANDER

'Tis fashion now for man to wear  
A golden wedding band  
To signify that he is hitched—  
The bride has caught her man.

But to an unwed, lonely lass,  
In the man-hunt occupation  
It only means another man  
Is out of circulation.



# OFFICERS FOR '53-'54

## *Student Government Association and Blue Quill*



### STUDENT GOVERNMENT OFFICERS

The following girls were elected to Student Government offices on campus for 1953-54. They are, reading left to right: Doris Searcy, president of the Queens Christian Association; Patsy Harmon, president of Day Student Council; Barbara Edwards, president of Student Government; Betty Lipe, president of Boarding Student Council; and Dottie Saunders, president of the Recreation Association.



### QUILL STAFF

The following girls assumed their duties this month on the *Blue Quill* Staff for the coming year. They are, reading left to right: Betty Cross, news editor; Davy-Jo Stribling, editor; Caroline Love, make-up editor; Grace Hager, business manager; and Audrey Montgomery, literary editor.

## MONTALDO'S

fashions fit for

"Queens"

may be found in our

Rendezvous Room

Third Floor



# *As We See It*

## **CREDIT FOR MAKE-UP?**

When the Dean of the College announced that in the future credit would be given for courses taken to remove high school deficiencies, some of our students expressed disapproval. There were two themes in this censure: (1) The policy is unfair to people who entered Queens under older academic regulations and who cannot, therefore, get college credit for courses taken to remove high school deficiencies. (2) Giving credit for such work will encourage students with academic deficiencies to attend Queens and will thus make the Queens diploma less esteemed.

The situation recognized in the first argument is regrettable, but inevitable. The regulation cannot be made retroactive. There must be a starting point for any policy. Perhaps those who feel that the new regulation is unfair would gain some consolation from the fact that students making up deficiencies will probably get more prodding from knowledge that they will be graded than they would from knowing that they would receive no quality points and, often, could gloss over a deficiency with a minimum of work. And if two students do the same amount of work, why should one receive college credit and the other receive no credit? This question leads to the second argument.

The primary field in which deficiencies are a problem is languages. Many high schools do not encourage their students to study languages or perhaps do not offer languages. Should our policy discourage students who have collegiate aptitude but are linguistically deficient from coming to Queens? Most liberal arts colleges adopt a flexible policy which requires that the student have a second-year college attainment in one foreign language before he can graduate (this proficiency not necessarily based on high school preparation). This is the policy that Queens has chosen, still requiring that the student have broad background in college preparatory subjects, though he may not have studied a foreign language. The alternative, rigid requirement of foreign language study in high school, is unrealistic.

—B. H.

## **THRIFTY STUDENTS**

"Turn out those lights."

"Don't leave food on your plate!"

Such words of caution are familiar to many of us who have come from homes where thrift has been emphasized. Parents were only the first to remind us to use as few lights as possible and not to waste food. Our college business manager and dean of students remind us to conserve, and there is a degree of improvement, but there is still carelessness which raises college expenses.

What can we do to lower college expenses? We can realize how thoughtless and silly it is to leave lights burning in the closet while we go to chat with Henrietta. As we stroll through a parlor on the way to lunch, we can remember that the bridge deck will not need fluorescent lights for cheer. How much money would be saved if each of us would feel responsible for turning out the lights and cutting off the radio when she leaves her room! If all dormitory lights were turned out during the dinner hour alone, enough money would be saved to provide scholarships for two prospective students.

A great deal of food is wasted in our dining hall because some of us are careless about serving ourselves more food than we want. And signing the meal book is more than a courtesy; it is part of good citizenship.

Let's show a mature awareness of what we are doing and help our college financially by becoming thrifty students.

—P. G.

## **THANK YOU, MR. CARSON**

For twenty-four years as Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Mr. McAlister Carson has faithfully served Queens. When in the late twenties the Great Depression struck, many colleges had to close. The Queens Board of Trustees agreed that new leadership was needed in order to sustain the college and carry it through that period. So they brought in Mr. Carson, a young business man prominent in the community, for the express purpose of making him Chairman of the Board.

They could have chosen no man better prepared for the position. Born in Asheboro, Mr. Carson was well-acquainted with North Carolina thought and economics; his mother, sisters, and wife were all graduates of Queens. He was a graduate of Davidson.

In community affairs Mr. Carson has always been active. He has been Superintendent of the First Presbyterian Church Sunday School and is now serving that church as an elder. Although Mr. Carson has never sought the spotlight, his influence is beneficially felt in whatever organization he serves.

The greatest debt that Queens has to Mr. Carson was incurred in 1950. During that year, at the expense of his health and business, he worked as acting president of the college. For his every service to Queens throughout those twenty-four years, for his generosity in time and self-giving, we sincerely thank Mr. Carson.

—M. McL.

## **A NEW RESIDENCE HALL**

We were uneasy when we began hearing about plans for a new residence hall and the consequent enlargement of the student body. Queens has used its smallness as a selling point. A small student body means high ratio of faculty to students. The expense of building a new dormitory could mean less attention to raises in faculty salaries and to the addition of other valuable (and therefore expensive) professors.

Investigation revealed the economics involved. Even for a school of its type, Queens has a student body particularly small in proportion to the number of faculty members employed. In fact, we could educate about a hundred more students without seriously disturbing the teacher-pupil ratio. And more students would mean more money for faculty salaries. (In the meantime, while the dorm would be under construction, there would not be any reduction of faculty salaries or cut in the number of instructors employed. Notice the expansion of curriculum planned for next year.) Eventually, having more students could mean higher faculty salaries.

(Continued on page 23).



# BROWSING

## "FOR WE ARE STRANGERS BEFORE THEE"

Rawlings, Marjorie Kinnan: *The Sojourner*, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York: 1953, \$3.50. Pp. 327.

*The Sojourner* is the story of a—to use the word in its fullest sense—good man: of his thoughtfulness and quiet strength, and the effect of these on his family and friends. It is also the story of the effect upon him of the weaker characters possessed by the members of his family. *The Sojourner* is the story of a man, Asahel Linden, who will long remain in the reader's memory.

Asahel Linden was rejected by his mother when he was born. An Indian seemed more like a father to him than did his own; a gypsy queen, the Old One, seemed more of a mother to him than did his own. Ase never knew what a mother's love was like; but, nevertheless, he rejoiced in his mother's excessive love for Ben, his brother. After their father's death, however, Ben left home in search of wealth and adventure. Throughout the next sixty years covered by the book, Ase longed for his brother.

Many things happened during the sixty-odd years which are covered by his story: Ase marries; he and Nellie have five children, the death of one of whom is caused by her grandmother. Ase watches Nat, his oldest son, dominate the lives of the other children and raise them and himself to financial power and success by dishonest means. The youngest of the sons escapes Nat's domination by enlisting in the army during World War I. He is killed.

Asahel Linden, a small farmer in one of the central Atlantic states, feels throughout his life that he is a stranger in his own home—he is only a sojourner on earth. *The Sojourner* is a story of the unending conflict between good and evil, and the story of one man's search for his brother. Mrs. Rawlings tells the story of Asahel Linden with warmth and understanding. Her style of writing immediately puts the reader at ease, for she uses the natural, everyday language of our country; the dialogue in the book is that of farm people who have had little education. Mrs. Rawlings has drawn the characters in this book in such a way that the reader feels as if he has known them for years.

To one who enjoys description the life of the common man and to one who en-

joyed *The Yearling*, I recommend this novel by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings.

—Florence Pearson

## OBSESSED

*The Intruder*, Helen Fowler, New York: William Morrow and Company, 1953, \$3.00, 248 pp.

The field of psychological fiction has a new addition with Helen Fowler's book, *The Intruder*. Although Mrs. Fowler relies heavily on colorful descriptions of the setting to give substance to her novel, she writes with a deep insight into her characters. In fact, her insight is so penetrating that she leaves very little to challenge the reader who prefers to work out the subtleties of the characterization for himself.

The plot is so constructed that one might call *The Intruder* a glorified mystery thriller. The story centers around Paul Quentin, a returned World War II veteran. He has seen and been in the worst of the war and consequently is suffering from mental shock. His apparent normality, however, belies the malignant idea which obsesses him. Whether this obsession will possess him completely is the mystery. Quentin is the villain, the hero, and the motivating force of the novel rolled into one.

It is a bit unbelievable that one who is obviously proceeding with a diabolical purpose (although this purpose is conceived by a tortured mind) can come as Paul Quentin did into the quiet Australian village of Ambara and change so completely the lives of its people. Mrs. Fowler contradicts herself in not letting the characters whom she makes the most intelligent and discerning be aware of Paul's purposes, and there are many of these characters.

Aside from the reliance upon setting, the contradictions in plot, and the cluttering up of the novel with characters, Mrs. Fowler has written a novel which will probably entertain many people: those who prefer their literary characters explained to the nth degree and like for the subtleties of the plot to be explicitly defined.

—Carol Stockner

## FRAGMENT

FRAN MACPHERSON

I have sat on the shore of a silent sea  
And known my tears were its only tide.

## THE MORTALITY RATE OF EARTHWORMS

The more sensitive students have brought to me a plea for investigation of the alarming rise in the mortality rate of earthworms. The average student, I have discovered, stumbles blindly across our paths, never considering the annelid lurking underneath—I say lurking; but in spite of femininity, I doubt that the earthworm is thus adequately described (indeed, that he ever will be). I regret that I can offer no conclusion about the question whether precipitation brings out worms or the exit of thoughtless worms early in the morning brings on precipitation. Be that as it may, the fact remains that the *lumbricus terrestris* does emerge and obtrude upon the affairs of mankind.

One cannot overestimate the earthworm's intrinsic value; one cannot attribute this value to one prime characteristic. The earthworm is a model of streamlined design. (Robins ignore bristles. We can do no better than follow them in this respect.) It is hermaphroditic in an age in which the two sexes are becoming increasingly dependent on each other. Then, too, the earthworm goes through no metamorphosis. In this era of distressing complexity we must preserve the earthworm, paragon of self-sufficiency and simplicity. (The aesthetic value of the earthworm is so obvious that I hesitate to mention it.)

The problem of earthworm mortality becomes increasingly acute when careless young people drop rubber bands. During World War II when red and green synthetic rubbers were used, one could easily identify bands dropped on a path and therefore walk with reckless abandon. Now the bands are brown again, and pedestrians bound by wartime habits discover too late that it is not rubber bands which they are treading on.

What, then, is our course? First of all, it must be the beaten way, the socially-approved route, the long-trod path, in short, the concrete walk. We may be accused of insensitivity, of leading youth away from the verdure in which they could both commune with and respect nature. But, and we say this with no apology, we are realists. (The thuds of racing feet have meant a case of severe shock to more than one grass-hidden annelid.) Finally, we must tell every earthworm that the "Please!" signs do not apply to it.

FRAN MACPHERSON



# CHARLOTTE WRITERS

Student interviews well-known authors

Mr. Harry B. Kossove writes the feature article "Facts Behind the Figures" for *Ready to Wear*, a bi-monthly trade journal. In 1949 his informative book for merchants *Retailing in the Chain Store Era* was published. Immediately after this he began lecturing in and around New York on the topic "Good Business is Your Business." Then in the summer of 1950 he taught a course in retailing in the Southeastern Business School in Florida.

Mr. Kossove believes "a writer has two interests: first, to get before the public's eye; and second, to get paid for his work. If either of these is omitted from the picture, the writer has been cheated fifty percent of his royalties."

Mr. Kossove readily admitted that, although he enjoys his writing on technical subjects, his real love is his creative writing. Just before last Christmas he finished his first novel, a psychological story entitled *House of Three Women*.

I found Jack McLarn in his office at Southern Railway, where he is manager of motive power. Mr. McLarn writes confession stories and railroad fiction for magazines like *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Argosy*. Mr. McLarn grinned as he told me the story of his writing. In 1930 while playing poker with a friend, the friend began bragging about a short story he had sold. Mr. McLarn bet he could write and sell one just as good or better than his. "Okay," the friend said as he slammed a five-dollar bill down on the table, "it's a bet." Mr. McLarn won. He sold his first story for fifteen dollars. Mr. McLarn very modestly claims that he has no real literary talent, but he indicated that he is now contemplating a novel.

In contrast to Jack McLarn is Andrew Hewitt, a poet in thought and action. Maybe you've read his book, *Traveler to April*. I was delighted with his simplicity of structure and language. The sound of the words carries the thought and the mood of the poems. The rhythm is charming; the subjects are nature (for the most part winter and snow), home, and poetry for children. Mr. Hewitt is now working on a book for children, *Pickapot and Other Poems*, which he hopes will be published before next Christmas. *Pickapot*, the hero of a long, narrative poem with a lilting rhythm, has many adventures, which will thrill children.

When I asked Mr. Hewitt why he writes poetry, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "I have to write it. It's sort of an outburst of feeling." In addition to his book, Mr. Hewitt has published poems in *The New York Times*, *The New York Tribune*, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, *The Christian Science Monitor*; he has edited a poetry column for *The Charlotte Observer*.

Mr. Hewitt said that in school he always got the "leather medals." All his writing teachers denounced him as a miserable flop, said that he lacked talent, and that his thinking was illogical and incoherent. The way he over-

came such strong criticism should be an inspiration to any aspiring writer.

Another interview that proved inspirational to me was with Marian Sims. Her professional writing career began in 1933 with a short story she sold to *Collier's Magazine*. But it was in the novel that Mrs. Sims found her real calling. She has written seven best sellers. Among them is *City on the Hill*, a story about Charlotte.

I have heard Marian Sims readers say that her characters are "flesh and blood people." They are even more so to Mrs. Sims herself. She told me of an amusing incident that happened while she was working on *Beyond Surrender*. While she and Mr. Sims were eating supper out one night, Mr. Sims noticed her apparent depression and said, "What's the matter? You look worried."

Mrs. Sims said, "I've got to kill Ned Hamilton tomorrow, and I just don't see how I can, because I'm so devoted to him."

Mr. Sims understood her dilemma and became equally disturbed for a moment, "Are you sure you can't kill some one else?"

"Yes, it's got to be Ned."

Then Mr. Sims laughed, "You should have seen the two heads that just popped up over the next booth." So it goes in the life of a writer.

If I had been able to see Mr. LeGette Blythe in person I'm sure he could have told me of just such amusing incidents in his life. But we chatted rather hurriedly over the telephone. Mr. Blythe is really a native of Huntersville, but Charlotte has strong claim on him because he was on *The Charlotte Observer* staff for twenty-three years. Mr. Blythe has written two plays, four novels, and two biographies. His last book, *Miracle in the Hills*, has just come off the press in the past few weeks and has promise of being a best seller. *Bold Galilean*, a novel of the time of Christ, has had far more sales than any other book written by a Mecklenburger and is one of the two or three best sellers written by a native North Carolinian. He has published many short stories and articles for magazines and newspapers. Mr. Blythe graduated in 1921 from the University of North Carolina with an A.B. degree, and in 1950 was honored by Davidson College with a Doctor of Literature degree.

Another telephone interview, this time with John Paul Lucas, gave me a bit of information about the novel on which he and Bailey Groome collaborated, *The King of Scuffletown*. Mr. Groome did the research, and Mr. Lucas did the writing. It is an historical novel about Henry Bevel Lowery who lived near Lumberton, North Carolina, and is connected with the legend of the Lost Colony. Mr. Lucas has also written academic articles for newspapers and literary and trade publications.

—Mary Bradle



# POETRY

## SONG OF SPRING

MEREDITH ALLISON

Spring dances gaily o'er the earth  
Trailing her green ivy,  
Now touching trees with careless mirth—  
So gleeful, sprightly, lively.

Awake my love and follow Spring.  
Awake my love; let's dance and sing—  
Dance and sing, dance and sing.  
Awake my love and follow Spring.

My love, how like the spring thou art!  
And graceful as the ivy—  
Entwine your garlands 'round my heart  
That they may ever bind me.

Awake my love and follow Spring.  
Awake my love; let's dance and sing—  
Dance and sing, dance and sing.  
Awake, my love, and follow Spring.

## ODE ON A PINK PIANO

After an Afternoon of Painting  
To C. C. Jernigan, Esq.

KATHRYN HICKMAN

Erato! Thy counsel give to these  
Poor mortals, who, desirous of thy exhortation  
On enigmatic matters, are puzzling deep.  
Shall they to their own hearts be true  
And shrimp pianos advocate,  
Or shall they part with self-esteem  
To sink their souls in murky depths  
And there become adherents to the wiles  
Of high potentate with binding prejudice?  
They still are minors—poor, untutored ones;  
Their likes and feelings, ruthlessly unheard.  
But they are sentient; so indignant they assert:  
Above all vineal pulchritude we prize our shrimp piano.

## THE FIELD ARTILLERY

JIMMY WHITE

Stand by, you soldiers covered with mud;  
Stand by, you men with spirit bold.  
Stand by, you soldiers drenched with blood;  
Stand by, and feel your heart turn cold.

Stand by, you brainless men with brawn;  
Stand by! and load with deadly shell.  
Stand by! wait patient for the dawn;  
Stand by! and blow some soul to hell.

## MY SONG

BETTY CROSS

My heart has heard a haunting melody;  
The song returns or vanishes with mood.  
Its music has become a part of me;  
Its theme depends upon my soul for food.  
A mournful, sighing, sobbing song is mine:  
A dreary day of throbbing rain at end  
And quiet, dying moans of wind-swept pine  
In minor tones to loneliness attend.  
My song is light when laughter swells within;  
A summer's night when sky seems close to earth,  
And camper's glee creating noisy din  
To joyous song of happiness give birth.  
To transpose song from soul to ivory keys  
Is like to capturing a fitful breeze.

## SURVIVAL

BETTY CROSS

The heat of passion in new love will fade;  
As buds of roses droop in summer's heat;  
For fragile is new love as petals made  
And pendant where the bloom and stem do meet.  
The rose revives when wet with cooling rain,  
But tears will give no life to fading love;  
Their ease to aching pain is all in vain  
And lasting comfort found only above.  
A pure, unearthly love alone will last;  
'Tis as the plant its blooming rose does raise  
When crushed, thus leaving beauty dying fast,  
The life of love is hushed; in death it pays.  
Each person from himself alone must give  
Some happiness and care for love to live.

## DISCORD

CAROL STOCKNER

Alone, yet not alone,  
For the moon is here,  
Sliding its long fingers through the slender trees.  
The fingers touch the earth;  
They pain with piercing coldness—  
A swift, clean-burning pain.

## DIANA

PAT DEADY

Diana stands in the starlit night  
Watching the silver moon in flight.



# The Letter

JOAN FARABOW

My dear Charles:

However strange this letter may seem, I ask only that you peruse it carefully; for, when you reach the conclusion, my purpose will reveal itself to you. My story is about a boy different from most of the lads you know.

Joel's seat was third from the front on the fifth row, and Miss Gaines—the new second grade teacher—had started on the other side of the room. The other children in the classroom had dreaded the moment when she would ask for the information from Joel; all could remember the fistfight a couple of weeks back, and all were certain what the young boy's reaction would be on this occasion. When the moment came, an unnatural silence filled the room and thirty-eight eyes turned cautiously to the face of the small tense lad.

"Next," continued Miss Gaines.

"My name is Joel Briscoe, and I live at 121 Charles Street."

"Yes, Joel, and what is your father's occupation?"

"I have no father!"

The embittered words seemed to cling to the still air of the room. Miss Gaines instantly looked up from her paper and into the face of the young boy. There she found a mixture of fear and half-hearted resentment. Confused, she passed on to the next child and tried to forget the incident. As the days passed, however, she realized that Joel would not forget it and that the boy was building his strange feelings of resentment upon her—it was as if she had deliberately asked the question to shame and embarrass him. There was really nothing that she could put her finger on, but his conduct seemed to become more and more defiant.

All of this the young teacher related to me one afternoon. Since Joel was in my church, I as his priest had come to know the boy and the circumstances which led to his behavior.

Many years before Joel's birth Henry and Grace Briscoe had moved to Shady Springs just two blocks from the

church. At first it was a joy to visit in their home, for there I was aware of the warm love and happiness of the young couple. However, before many months had passed, I noticed that the young woman was struggling with some problem. She and Henry were both good Catholics, and I became as close to them as was possible. Later I planned some of my visits at a time when I was sure that Henry would be at his office. I hoped to get to the bottom of Grace's problems, whatever they might be, and help her to reach some solution. But I soon found that her troubles were secrets and things were to remain that way. I guess they lived in that house—the same one Joel lives in now—for about a year. All this time I could see that Grace was becoming more and more troubled and that Henry, though working hard in his small law office, was becoming less and less tolerant of her many moods. Gradually the home became the scene of daily quarrels. Then one night at about eight Henry came by the parish house to see me. I could tell the moment he entered my study that something had happened. Finally he composed himself enough to say that he was leaving Grace and Shady Springs that night. His voice quivered as he told me that she no longer loved him and that he guessed he couldn't even be a success in his home, much less in his business. I pressed him to wait a few days before making any final decisions, but he came back with, "Grace has made it clear to me, and I'll not stick around in her way."

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When I asked where he planned to go, he replied that he didn't know and that it really didn't make much difference. And then he left. That was the last time I ever saw Henry Briscoe. I did go by to see Grace the next morning but found out nothing except that separation was the only answer. About a month later I learned that Grace was to have a child. I returned to the small house and did all that I could to urge the young woman to get in touch with her husband. However, I found myself faced with a stubborn determination that I was unable to deal with. When I questioned her as to whether Henry had known of her condition before he left, her reply was, "No, and he never shall." I made my feeling clear to her along this line, and the months that followed I spent in writing letters to various places trying to find some trace of her husband.

Joel was born on the fifteenth of March. How well I remember the day! Grace called me at about noon and asked me to take her to the hospital in the nearest town, Johnson City. All the way over I knew that Grace was nervous and at times seemed almost at the point of tears. But she refused to say much; and I was unable to draw her out even at this time. The infant boy arrived about six hours after Grace entered the city hospital, and the mother and child left a week later. I was never able to locate Henry.

Grace was certainly never bitter towards her husband's absence, but somehow the young boy picked the attitude of resentment. I suppose he sensed from the beginning his mother's grief. As far as I know, Grace never said a word about Joel's father to him. However, I came to know of the young boy's feeling even before his mother did. One afternoon Joel and some of the other children of the neighborhood were playing softball in the parish playground. I was in my study when I heard the excited screams of the children, but passed it up as part of the play and went on about my work. In a few moments, however, one of Joel's playmates came running up the parish house steps yelling for me to come. When I reached the playground, I saw Joel and Billy Crosley rolling in the red dust of the ground, pounding each other. I managed to part the two, sent Billy home, and ushered Joel into my office. Again I found myself trying to find some reason for unhappiness, and again I found myself faced with the same stubborn response. Yes, Joel Briscoe was his mother's offspring! Later I discovered from one of the other children that Billy had made some comment about Joel's not having a father and that this remark had resulted in the young boy's belligerent response. And this was not the last fight Joel Briscoe was to fight or the last time I was to call the lad into my library to try to get to the bottom of the matter. Once I even ventured to tell the boy of his father, but all I got in response was "I ain't got no father, else he would be here with my mom."

I talked with Miss Gaines again about a month later, and it seemed that things were becoming worse instead of better. The young woman expressed an earnest desire to help the boy but also stated that she had exhausted all means and did not know which way to turn. I assured her that I could well understand her position, and told her that I would go to the Briscoe home and see what could be done. I did this the next afternoon, told Grace of the classroom incident and its effect and result. It's strange how a person can enter into some situation expecting defeat only to have the tables turn completely on him and wind up with a victory. When I entered the small house that afternoon, I had expected the usual restraint from Grace. After I had finished speaking my piece, however, the hidden and inhibited emotions that I always felt must be there came forth. Grace's eyes filled, and she was unable to speak for a long time. She dropped her head to the arm of the chair and sobbed. After the young woman was able to reach a somewhat composed appearance, I began to question her softly.

"Have you ever done anything to try to locate Henry?"

"No . . . no." Then her voice resumed its natural firmness, and for a moment I feared that she would draw back within herself. But she continued and revealed her reasons for sending her husband away. She and Henry had met while he was in college. Henry had been an excellent student and had won a scholarship to law school after he had finished his undergraduate work. They had been very much in love; but, since she herself had never had the opportunity for a college education, Grace had felt that she would always hold him back. For this reason she had refused to marry

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Henry on the June of his graduation. Henry had pressed her for the cause of this refusal, for all that he knew or understood at the time was that they loved each other. Thus he finally declared that he would not accept the scholarship unless Grace would agree to marry him.

"I guess I wasn't too hard to convince since it was what I really wanted."

She went on telling of the difficult time they had had and how when Henry finally passed the bar examination, they had moved to Shady Springs.

"I always felt that Henry could have found a much better opportunity, but he always had my welfare in mind and jumped at the first chance he had."

Grace explained how she felt about Henry's lack of success in Shady Springs and how she finally decided to send him away on the pretense that she no longer loved him. When Joel arrived, she was greatly tempted to write to her husband, but then she considered that the two of them would be an even greater handicap. I was surprised to discover at this point that she had received many letters from her husband—none of which she had answered.

"I guess rearing the boy alone is just too much," she finally concluded

"Why not write to him now and explain it all to him just as you have to me?" I suggested.

"It's too late now, and besides he would never forgive me."

Before I left I had the last address in my pocket and as soon as I could reach my typewriter, I was writing this letter. I have changed the names of the persons involved so that you might get an objective view of the situation. The Grace in the above story is your wife, Helen; and the young boy is your son born eight months after you left. It's

up to you from here on, Charles. She loves you with an unselfish heart that is seldom found in any woman, and she always felt that she was doing the only thing that she could for your welfare.

Sincerely,  
John Carter

## THE DAY IS DEAD

REID MELLARD

Darkening, it is darkening  
Over the dip and hill of the midland,  
Wave on wave seeping  
Into the unawareness  
Of the workers and window-sill  
dreamers.

Flashing-on street lamps  
In the small, forgotten town  
The main-street dust rising  
Reflects the yellow senile glow  
Of the twig-silhouetting sun-train.  
Slinking, shrinking, the day moves  
Into the West, still dimming  
The tin-cheap bulb-reflectors  
With its dying power.

Heat-breath swirling  
Carries the sound of distant cow-bell,  
The strumming of a dusk-guitar,  
And the voices of children rioting  
In the empty way.

On the tin-can lot  
The baseball is lost,  
Resting still in the brush until morning.

The day is dead  
Suffocated by the cloud-heat.

## STUDENTS PRESENT GIFT TO LAB

(Continued from page 5)

as a souvenir. Mr. Stavrakas brought the barometer to Queens, where he, Dr. McEwen, and Mr. Hughes Hoyle repaired broken parts so that the instrument is now accurate and reliable.

—A. K. B.

## WILLODENE SMITH HONORED

(Continued from page 6)

life on the mission field is difficult, but full of rewards.

The Queens Christian Association is now making a tribute to Willodene in the form of a proposed scholarship which will be given to a worthy Brazilian girl, enabling her to come to Queens for a year of study. The scholarship is to be called the Willodene Smith Scholarship—a fitting tribute to one who has dedicated her life to full-time service in the foreign-mission field.

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# CHEAP PASSAGE

JIMMY WHITE

SHAYNE banged his locker door and followed me past the sergeant's desk. He was a good cop even though he didn't have his upper story running over with gray matter. He had been with the force for a heck'uva long time now. More than one time I had been glad as the devil he was along when something happened. We've been ridin' squad duty for five years. Still haven't got to know him—he's a strange one, sure enough. Nope, he doesn't have much book-learnin'; but he can tell what's under a nan's skin all right (a woman's too, for that matter)—just like he had X-ray eyes. Yep, Shayne is a strange one, sure enough—never talks much—just looks on, kinda quiet—takes it all in. They say he used to hit the bottle quite a bit—I don't know. He wouldn't touch it now. No, sir, not a drop—guess he's seen oo much—I don't know.

"Hiya sarge," I greeted the old boy perched on the one corner of the desk as I passed him. "Going off at seven?"

"Yep, it's the first Christmas I've had off in four years. That's day time, that s. I've had might near all the nights off as if that'd do any good.

"Wish I'd been there to set the presents under the tree for the kids this mornin', though. Shucks, I get more un out'a playin' Santa Claus than the

kids get out'a the presents. Guess the old lady got it done OK, though. Say, how's the weather out there? I've been cooped up in here all night. Drunks—I ain't never seen the like of 'em. I ain't even had time to stop for coffee cross at Sammy's."

"Cold as the devil when we came in. It snowed all night. I hope that ole struggle-buggy will kick over this mornin'. Sometimes she's as cold as a black-headed woman. I wish they'd give us that red-headed Buick the old man got last week. That's the breaks, though. He drives that mighty marauder about ten minutes a day, and we haf' to fight for eight hours in our bean-can Ford. Well, that's what you get when you're a chief, I guess.

"I sure pity those guys that are poundin' the beats today. There's about ten inches of snow out there."

Shayne pulled down his cap. I never did see how he could see anything with that cap sitting on his nose like that. The army I guess—yeah, that's regulation—two fingers off the nose.

"Get the keys, rookie," Shayne rasped.

That's the first thing that he's said this morning since he said hello at six fifty-five. It's not unusual, though. Sometimes we're out on the patrol thirty or forty minutes before he says anything. Got to hand him one thing, though—he greets you every morning—never misses. No sir, he never snubs anybody a greeting. Yeah, most of the time he says so long in the afternoon, too. O'course, sometimes he forgets. Guess he thinks a lot. "Get the keys, rookie." I can still

hear the overtones from that command. He sounds like a bull-frog with laryngitis.

"Sure thing. I'll be right with you."

Guess I've got that handle from now on. Just can't seem to live it down. You'd think five years would be enough. Guess I'll have to wait until somebody else comes on the force.

With the keys in my ungloved hand I walked past the two sentinel cuspidors that guarded the front door.

"It looks like they have got'um polished like a king's goblet," I said.

"Polished up for Christmas, I guess," mumbled the old sergeant as he gathered up his things getting ready to leave. "But that derned old tabacco-chewin' sergeant that comes on after me will muddy'um up in a hurry. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if that old geezer hasn't Brown Mule stamped all over his gizzard."

I smiled at the sergeant's humor as I opened the door.

Shayne was standing beside the black-and-white sedan that we were to make our office for the next eight hours.

"Cold, ain't it?" I had to cough several times before I could finish it.

"Yeah boy; hurry with those keys."

The morning was cold and quiet. The snow blanketed everything and covered it up thick—thick enough to smother the noise of the city and to hide the filth of the gutters.

The traffic hadn't started much yet; the snow in the streets was still smooth. There were only a few pioneering trails that recorded the passing of some early travelers. Yeah, scenery like this can even dress up the slums.

"The snow makes this ole town look pretty, doesn't it, Shayne?"

"Yeah, cold as the devil, though. Get the car started, and maybe we can get some heat out of this rusty old water-boiler. I can't understand why the department can't afford to buy a car with a heater already installed. They act like heaters are something that cops just don't need at all. Have you noticed when they buy a new car, it's always a standard. Yep, without radios, heaters, or anything. They'd get'um, too, without wheels if they thought they could sell the old ones without'um. I'll bet some of these old gripe-box radios and water-boilin' heaters have worn out a half-dozen cars.





"Take her down on the north side first. Let's see what's going on down there."

"Say, Shayne, how about a cup o' jo on the way?"

"Yeah, OK. I guess we will have to make Blondie's place do. It's on the way, and besides it's the only place open all night. I wish this two-bit town would open up a place all night where a guy could buy a decent cup of coffee. Yeah, decent—decent in more ways than one."

I knew what Shayne meant by that last crack. We had booked that frizzled-headed blonde time after time. Everytime I looked at her, I wondered how chemistry could do so much for some girls and so little for others. The desk sergeant knew her as well as the desk clerk knows the wheels at the Waldorf Astoria. We had pinned her on everythin' from shop-liftin' to prostitution. She was a girl with a liberal education all right. She was a jack-of-all-trades—'specially the shady ones.

Her coffee was rotten, and her doughnuts were worse. Well, we had to make the best of it. It was the only place that was open at this time of the morning.

I pulled the car to low gear and let the clutch out—slowly at first and then all the way—it didn't pay to try to be a clutch artist at a time like this, especially since the back wheels were spinning like the very devil. Slowly the sliding began to level out, and we moved forward.

"This is pretty bad, Shayne. Do you think we'll need the chains?"

"Naw, I don't think so. The traffic will be out soon, and the streets will clear up some then . . . Have a cigar?"

"No thanks; I think I'd better wait until I've had some coffee."

He bit almost angrily at the pointed end of the cigar, and he spat the loose leaves from his mouth in a sputtering spray. A thick blue-gray cloud of smoke billowed from Shayne's mouth. It smelled good, but it fogged the windshield plenty thick.

The light changed, and we rolled forward; I was beginning to get the hang of this snow plowing. We didn't slide much, but the roads were still in bad shape even on the main drag. The downtown traffic was as dead as a door nail. We could see for blocks down the street, and—there was nothing moving in sight. The light wires were loaded with ice, and the trees were bent and swaying with their heavy winter coats.

"It's gonna be a swell day for Christmas, Shayne."

"Yeah, cold as the devil, though."

I wheeled the old buggy around the corner of Fifth and Central. We moved slowly around the circle and started up Seventh. The street was quiet. There wasn't even a paper boy or a milk man in sight.

"It looks like it's going to be a slow one this morning, doesn't it," I asked.

"Guess so, but I'll bet my next pay check that by five o'clock this side of town will look like a combination of a



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straggling Christmas carrousel and a broken-down Easter parade. These Negroes really like the red of Christmas and the fire of corn liquor. They seem to suggest the same thing, or something. Gus said they had nearly twenty arrests down here last night."

"Anybody shot or cut up?"

"Yeah, three—nobody serious, though—I guess they were all pretty well canned. . . Say, did the Fed's ever get a clue about the location of that still down here?"

"Naw, it's too thick. We'd haf' to have a warrant for every house within six miles of here. They'll get'um, though. They always do."

"There's the coffee shop, rookie. Pull up in back—this hill here in front is kinda steep—I think the snow's too thick here for brakes to hold."

"You get out here in front and go in and order the job while I park her in back—I'll report in, too, while I'm at it."

"Yeah, sure, you want anything to eat—or did your wife get you up in time this morning to make chow call?"

"No thanks, just coffee . . . Any special instructions to all on the gripe-box?"

"No, just tell the sarge we are making the regular tour and everything is A. O. for now."

I pulled her up a bit after Shayne got out. I had to make wide swing to get her nose around and start up the drive. Just as I passed the garbage cans at the back of the building, I thought that I saw somebody sitting there in between the

cans and the building. I went on, though, and parked the car.

After I had reported in, I made my way back to the drive. As I passed the cans, I cast an inquiring look once more just to make sure.

"Great Scott! There is somebody there!"

I dashed for the back door. The screen was latched, as I found out later after I had jerked it open.

"Hey, Shayne," I shouted through the kitchen. "Come out here just a minute. I think we've got to fire-up a cold drunk."

Shayne came through the kitchen and out into the backyard.

"Where is he?"

"Here, by the cans."

"Drunk?"

"Don't know."

"He'll need some anti-freeze if he hasn't got some in'um."

I lifted up his face. It was greasy and cold. Too cold. Maybe he was dead. I didn't know. Vomit was all down the front of his shirt—even out here in the cold he smelled rotten—it made me sick.

"Dead?"

"No, but he's as good as," Shayne muttered. "Let's get him inside."

I took hold of his feet, and we tugged with him until we got him up on our shoulders.

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After we had him stretched out on the kitchen floor, Shayne said for me to call Saboneisky, the Doc down at the station. He's one fellow who's got a handle worse than me. We call him "Irish" for short. It didn't take me long to put in the call, and I was back beside the man helping Shayne try to revive him.

"Get some hot water and towels," Shayne muttered.

Blondie must have anticipated his command. She already had a pot of hot water and some dingy towels thrown over her arm.

"Do you think you can git some coffee in him?" she said.

"Hell, no," Shayne snorted. "He's out cold, and besides it would rust his pipes."

"Open the front of his pants," Shayne grunted; "get some of those towels, too."

"Open his pants?" I asked.

"Yes, put some of those hot towels on the lower part of his belly and groins. There's supposed to be some big veins that cross-up down there and it's a good place to get circulation started. Put some around his neck, too."

I was skeptical about his first-aid theories, but I did as he said.

Shayne was working with his arms and legs. I never have seen a man work so hard on a broken-down old drunk before. Down at the station they'd probably be dern glad if he wasn't able to pull through. It would save the sergeant at least fifty bookings in the future. Me—I hate to see a dog die—let alone a man—even if he is in this shape. Sure, I worked hard too.

"Wonder how long he's been out there," Shayne said.

"I don't know; but he was in here all last night, slopping up booze and lookin' kinda moody. I mean I didn't go off 'til twelve either. He was sittin' right there, just staring at them doughnuts."

"Why don't that meat-wagon get the lead out," Shayne grumbled. "A guy could pass to the other world and come back agin' fore they'd get here."

I guess we'd worked about twenty minutes before his eyelids fluttered for the first time.

"Say, I think he's coming to."

"Yeah, maybe."

"You came back just like you said," he said in almost a whisper.

His chest rattled deep down inside, and it was hard to understand his Irish accent. His eyes looked as if they were supposed to be blue. Not now, though—red—good-gosh—it looked like he'd lost a pint of blood right through'um.

"Gin really puts a guy away, doesn't it, Shayne?"

"Gin, my eye—that guy's got more gin rum in him than anything else."

"I thought you were just kidding me," he said again.

"What's he talking about?" I said.

"Who came back, fella? Whatcha talking about?" Shayne put to him.

He seemed to come to just for a minute.

"The lady—the lady—the lady said for me to wait—she said she'd show me what ten cents'd buy."

Blondie's chewing gum cracked in my ear. I felt like smacking her right in the mouth.

"Spit that stuff out," I yelled, "or go back to your coffee pot."

"Wait a minute," Shayne said. "Was this guy in here with some woman last night. Come on; who was she?"

"With him?" she said. "There ain't a gal in town that would mess with him—not even my old roommate. She wasn't so choosy, either, you know. No, nobody, except maybe the Salvation Army girl . . . Say, about my roommate, didn't you send her up the . . ."

"Shut up, you. . ."

"Nymphomaniac, something or other," I interrupted. I sounded a little better than what Shayne was saying.

"Salvation Army girl, eh," Shayne muttered to me. "She must have held out the pan to him; and since he was probably off his rocker, he thought he was buying a ticket to heaven or something."

The guy stirred again and began to speak.

"Thanks, lady, for what you said. You know—you're the first angel that I've seen—I didn't know that—that any o

## BAPTIST BOOK STORE



ouse had blue wings—no, I thought they'd all be white—  
 course I thought I'd never see one—but I did, sure enough.  
 "What happened to me?—well—yesterday?—Oh, yes—the  
 ttle boy—oh no, he didn't have no money—said his old man  
 as ginnin' it up and he didn't have no Christmas—yes  
 a'm, that's what he said—well, I didn't have no money  
 ept this dime that I give to'm. He just thanked. I liked  
 im—yeah, he was a cute one, all right. I'll bet my poke he  
 in't never tasted no liquor, either.—You know—I like to  
 ive Christmas presents—now that I done it I'm glad—I  
 urther done it than had that booster of gin—a dime would'a  
 ot that, you know. . . . When are we leaving to see about  
 y money—like you said this afternoon. I've been waiting  
 st like you said."

He slipped back into unconsciousness, and Shayne said  
 at we had better let him rest 'til the Doc could see him.

I changed the towels once more and went out front with  
 Shayne. I handed him his coffee, and we stood together  
 oking out the window. I lit a cigarette and looked long  
 own the street.

After about three or four good puffs the ambulance turned  
 e corner. Shayne and I rushed back into the kitchen where  
 e old man was lying. I took off the towels while Shayne  
 uttoned up his clothes.

"That police doctor is a character all right," Shayne said.  
 He burst through the door with a cheery "good morning"  
 ed brushed past. He looked like a dog-catcher pickin' up  
 stray hound. He made me sick, too.

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"Yeah," Shayne said, "he's a guy with no heart, no guts,  
 and nothing else 'cept brain. No, he don't have a thing that  
 an adding machine don't have, and adding machines are  
 usually around when you need 'um too. You can't say that  
 much for Doc, no sir."

The Doc plugged in his ear-phones and looked real intent.  
 Finally he pulled back and said, "He's dead."

"Frozen, I guess; we'll see. Wrap him up, boys . . . There,  
 gentlemen, is the remains of some poor soul that is now  
 toasting in hell."

Shayne looked at me and said, "I guess I was wrong about  
 one thing—he ain't got no brains either."

"Let's go."

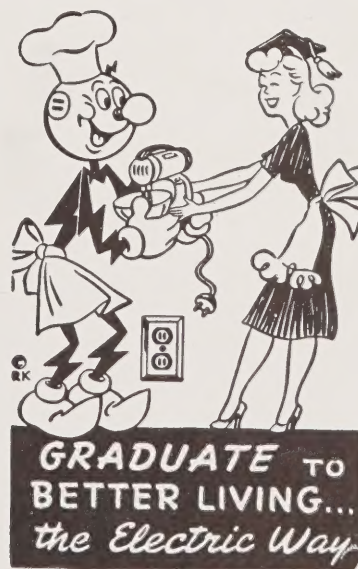
## AS WE SEE IT

(Continued from page 12)

There is, of course, no reason why enlarging the student  
 body has to mean the lowering of academic standards. The  
 student-teacher ratio would be slightly changed in some  
 departments but would still allow tutorial guidance for  
 majors. Faculty salaries would be underwritten rather than  
 undermined. As curriculum could be thus broadened and  
 deepened (and let us not forget that it is even now remark-  
 ably broad in comparison with that of other colleges like  
 Queens), qualifications for admission could be made stricter.

Even this brief and amateur consideration of the eco-  
 nomics involved has convinced us of the wisdom of building  
 a new residence hall.

—F. M.



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